

"That Art Thou."

Chhandogya-Upanishad.

"This so solid-seeming world, after all, is but an air-image over Me, the only reality; and nature with its thousand-fold productions and destruction, but the reflex of our inward force, the phantasy of our dream."—*Carlyle.*

THE LIGHT OF THE EAST.

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Keynotes.

MR. W. C. COLEMAN, Editor of the *Carrier Dove*, has made a very unpleasant discovery with regard to the Theosophical Society. The other day, at Chicago, he unburdened his soul thus:—Since the death of H. P. Blavatsky, Annie Besant and others have received alleged letters from Mahatmas, Koot-Hoomi and Morya. Who wrote them? In a letter to Annie Besant from M. M. Shroff, Secretary to the Bombay Theosophical Lodge, April 2nd, 1892, Mr. Shroff says that Brother W. Q. Judge is 'strongly suspected of having forged all along letters in the name of the Masters after H. P. B.'s departure. H. S. Olcott, B. Keightley, and Edge are absolutely convinced that Judge forged these letters, and has been duping and deceiving poor Annie!' In Mrs. Besant's reply of April 22nd she says: 'I know that Colonel Olcott has made random statements to that effect (that Judge forged

the letters), as he made random statements about H. P. B. committing frauds.' In Mr. Judge's reply to Mr. Shroff, in this matter, he says that Olcott should be asked for the proof of the charges against him (Judge), 'for he is the one who has given them out, and is their sole author.' In a letter of Mr. Shroff to Annie Besant July 15, 1892, he sent copy of a telegram sent by S. V. Edge to B. Keightley, at Darjeeling, May 11th, 1892 as follows: 'Red pencil lines business (that is, Mahatma letters) have reached Annie's ears. What can be done? Colonel, yourself, must write some conciliatory letters. Look sharp! Reply.' Whether Mr. Judge wrote the letters or not and I have no knowledge of it save the above-cited opinions of Olcott and others, these facts prove that Col. Olcott has distinctly charged Mr. Judge with their production, and that Messrs. Keightley and Edge, the

leading Theosophists in India at the time are implicated in the making of this charge. It is a sad commentary upon the universal brotherhood and altruism which the Theosophical Society vaunts as its primary basis of action and endeavour that the President of the Society should rightly or wrongly, charge his duly elected successor to the Presidency with the heinous offence of forging letters in the name of the holy masters, the alleged founders and sustainers of the society."

The Buddhist Ray, an American Journal of Buddhism, has put the following question to us, "Would our learned Hindu brother, the editor, get the Chela that writes for his magazine, to answer this occult question: What is the difference between the letters precipitated by Hindu adepts through the mediumship of the late Mme. Blavatsky, and those precipitated through that of our *Irish and American Brahmins?*" The italics refers, of course, to some of the leaders of the Theosophical Society. In reply the Chela writes as follows: "I never believe that the T. S. was founded by Mahatma K. H. or that he had any direct hand in it. H. P. B. met Koot Koomi Lall during her eastern travels; since that time he used to favour her occasionally with visits and instructions. Of course, K. H. approved the scheme of H. P. B. for founding the Theosophical Society. K. H. also gave her some power to control the elementals and she could occasionally perform some miracles through their agency. That is all. For my part, I am of opinion that K. H. cut off all connection not only with the T. S., but also with H. P. B., being directed by higher authorities, six months before the death of the lady. The letters precipitated through the Irish and American Brahmins (?) at present

appear to me to be of doubtful character."

The "Path" for December takes the Chela to task for stating in his article headed the "Mahatmas" that since the death of Madame Blavatsky the Mahatma K. H. has cut off his connection with the Theosophical society. The Path grows a little sarcastic over the matter and asks, "Can it be that the Mahatma K. H. having discarded the T. S. has opened communication with the "Chela" and is about to correct the views he unfolded for publication in *Esoteric Buddhism?*" The American Brahman who edits Path should bear in mind that our Chela never declared in the columns of this magazine that he has any connection with an astral Guru; for he knows too well that such statement can never be accepted by the majority of the public. Belief in the existence of astral being presupposes a firm belief in the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. The opinion of Prof. Fitzgerald no doubt represents the public opinion on this point. In his letter to Mr. Stead he says "The Borderland (meaning the land of spiritual beings) you desire to study is in close proximity to hysteria, lunacy, ect. and people without a sound scientific scepticism, like theosophists, are as useless as scientific investigators as archbishops." The teachings given out in the Light of the East never appeal to the authority of a Mahatma for their truth. We are taught in the opening preface of *Yoga Bhashita* to accept the statement of a child if it be reasonable and to discard the statement of Brahma if it be opposed to reason. If the Chela can show by the strength of argument that the teachings of Esoteric Buddhism are opposed to the doctrines of the Upanishads

and also opposed to reason, no lover of Truth will accept them simply on the unverified assertion that the book contains the teachings of a Mahátma. That is all.

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"The greatest test of character" says the *New Californian*, "is the power to forego at any moment the most engaging personal desire giving preference to a duty or to make some great moral resolve without a witness, and abide by it."

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Referring to the Hindus Prof. Max Muller says, "So far as we can judge, a large class of people in India not only the priestly class, but the nobility also, not only men but women also never looked upon their life on earth as something real. What was real to them was the invisible, the life to come. What formed the theme of their conversations, what formed the subject of their meditations, was the real that alone lent some kind of reality to this unreal phenomenal world. Whoever was supposed to have caught a new ray of truth was visited by young and old, was honored by princes and kings, nay was looked upon as holding a position far above that of kings and princes. That is the side of the life of ancient India which deserves our study, because there has been nothing like it in the whole world, not even in Greece or in Palestine.

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"Our idea of life on earth has always been that of struggle for power and dominion, for wealth and enjoyment. These are the ideas which dominate the history of all nations whose history is known to us. Our own sympathies also are almost entirely on that side. But was man placed on the earth for

that one purpose only? Can we not imagine a different purpose particularly under conditions such as existed for many centuries in India and nowhere else? In India the necessities of life were few, and those which existed were supplied without much exertion on the part of man, by a bountiful Nature. Clothing scanty as it was was easily provided. Life in the open air or in the shades of the forest was more delightful than life in cottages or palaces. The danger of inroads from foreign countries was never dreamt of before the time of Darius and Alexander and then on one side only, on the north, while more than a silver streak protected all around the far-stretching shores of the country. Why should the ancient inhabitants of India not have accepted their lot? Was it so very unnatural for them endowed as they were with a transcendent intellect to look upon this life, not as an arena for gladiatorial strife and combat or as a market for cheating and huckstering, but as a resting place, a mere waiting room at a station, a journey leading them from the known to the unknown but exciting for that very reason their utmost curiosity as to whence they came and whither they are going. I know quite well that there never can be a whole nation of philosophers or metaphysical dreamers. The pleasures of life and sensual enjoyments would in India as elsewhere dull the intellect of the many and make them satisfied with a mere animal existence not exempt from those struggles of envy and hatred which men share in common with the beasts. But the ideal life which we find reflected in ancient literature of India, must certainly have been lived by at least the few, and we must never forget that, all through history, it is the few, not the many, who impress their character on a nation, and have a right to

represent it, as a whole. What do we know of Greece at the time of the Ionian and Eleatic Philosophers, except the utterance of Seven Sages? What do we know of the Jews at the time of Moses, except the traditions preserved in the laws and the prophets? It is the Prophets, the poets, the law-givers and teachers, however small their number who speak in the name of the people, and who also stand out to represent the non-descript multitude behind them, to speak their thoughts and to express their sentiments.

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"I confess it has always seemed to me one of the saddest chapters in the history of the world to see the early inhabitants of India who knew nothing of the rest of the world, of the mighty empires of Egypt and Babylon, and of their wars and conquests, who wanted nothing from the outside world, and were happy and content in their own earthly paradise, protected as it seemed by the mountain ramparts in the north, and watched on every other side by the jealous waves of the Indian Ocean, to see these happy people suddenly overrun by foreign warriors whether Persians, Greeks or Macedonians, or at a later time, Scythians, Mahomedans, Mongolians, and Christians, and conquered for no fault of theirs, except that they have neglected to cultivate the art of killing their neighbours. They themselves never wished for conquests, they simply wished to be left alone, and to be allowed to work out their view of life which was contemplative and joyful, though deficient in one point, namely the art of self-defence and destruction. They had no idea that a tempest could break upon them, and when the black clouds came suddenly driving across the northern and western mountain-passes, they had no shelter, they were simply borne down by superior

brute force. They remind us of Archimedes imploring the cruel invader, not to disturb his philosophical circles, but there is no help for them. The ideal of human life which they had pictured to themselves, and which to a certain extent they seemed to have realised before they were discovered and disturbed by the 'outer barbarians,' had to be surrendered. It was not to be, the whole world was to be a fighting and a huckstering world, and even the solution of the highest problems of religion and philosophy was in future to be determined, not by sweet reasonableness, but by the biggest battalions. We must all learn that lesson, but even to the hardened historian it is a sad lesson to learn."

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I do not praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. *Milton.*

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It is said grey hairs are revered and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles in the soul than on the forehead.

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To be satisfied with the little is the greatest wisdom; and he who increaseth his riches, increaseth his snares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and a guard from trouble.

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The noblest employment of the mind of man is the study of the works of his creator.

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Wherever there is body, there is *Sansâr* (worldliness).

Science and Religion.

THE opinion that Religion and Science are in conflict with each other has no basis in the reason or common sense of mankind. Science is concerned with the material universe and its physical laws, and there it is supreme. The discoveries of science are simply the discoveries of the unknown attributes of matter. Science is concerned with the tangible world open to the five senses; the super-sensual has no place in its dictionary. It deals with the finite and the transient, with the passing and the unreal. Its best discoveries can never place man beyond the ravages of matter and the portals of death. War, famine, disease, death, and the tempest of passions are as much prevalent in the world today as they were in the pre-scientific ages. The theory of gravitation and spectrum analysis have not been able to change a jot the general condition of mankind and to place it into a higher level than it was before. Our conquest of the vast field of Nature has not enabled us to add even a year more to the short span of human life. On the other hand, the progress of an external and artificial civilization is slowly but surely undermining our moral and spiritual growth. Agnosticism is the prevailing fashion of the day and the eternal has no existence whatever for the human mammal of the present age. In spite of this degrading tendency and far above the conflict of contending parties and petty religious factions, Truth reigns supreme. Science and religion are not in conflict with each other. The province of science is the external world and the province of

religion is the internal world. Religion is concerned with those planes of Nature which no telescope and microscope can penetrate. No eye of flesh but the eye of mind sharpened by meditation can see the Being of beings. The aim of spiritual science is to sharpen the *mental eye* by means of concentration. In dream, for instance, the physical eye remains closed, but the mental eye becomes opened and we see confused pictures in the *ákás* or ether. The *ákás* or the etherial expanse contains permanent impressions of every event which takes place in this planet or in others. In his *Yogu Shástra*, Mr. Dhole gives a scientific explanation of the above fact. He says, "To understand this properly the enquirer should realise that there is no past, present, or future in eternity; nothing perhaps explains it so clearly as the phenomena of light. Suppose two persons A and B quarrel in a dark room, and A strikes down B dead. Just at the moment when B falls, a light is brought into the room, when a third person C, whom we suppose to be standing near the door of the room, will see B fall just actually at the very moment when B fell. How did he see it? Because the light, which was introduced into the room, carried with it the picture of B from the room into the eye of C standing outside. Suppose the distance from B to the eye of C is 18 feet, the time which light will take to travel from B to C will be so very inappreciable that we may call it instantaneous. But suppose C is situated at the distance of 180,000,000 miles instead of 18 feet; now the light

which will reach his eye will do so, ten seconds after it was brought into the room, and C will see B falling ten seconds after the actual event. Again suppose that C is standing on the star named Sirius and looking towards the room in which A and B fight. Now astronomers have calculated that light takes about 3 years to travel from Sirius to earth and *vice versa*. So C will see B falling some three years after the event, i. e., if B was killed in 1880, C will see it in 1883. Thus what passed with us three years ago will be present to C. To take another example:—Suppose we wish to see the Durbar of Delhi which took place in 1877, in the month of January. On our earth it is passed 16 years. If we go to a distance of about six times that of Sirius and then look towards the spot on the earth where Delhi is, we shall see the whole Durbar passing before our sight. In fact light carries for ever through space the pictures of things, and it is a calculation involving simple multiplication to find out at what distance a particular picture will be found at a particular place. The original may have perished long ago, but its picture is retained for eternity in light.

The vast expanse of space is filled up with pictures of the above description. To the physical eye, space is a total blank. But to the mental eye of the seer, it is filled up with the impressions of the events of history which have taken place ages ago.

As the scientist invents optical instruments in order to explore the physical planes of the universe, so a man should develop his mental vision in order to explore spiritual phenomena of a high order. The spiritual world has its own definite laws and it may be explored in the same way and with the same precision by the followers of the *Yoga*

Philosophy as is the physical world by the optic glass of a man of science. It must not be imagined from the above that what is called the spiritual world is something different from the physical world. Physical world extends to all places where there are forms and name and every finite being however high he may be has a definite form of his own. The only spiritual existence in the strict sense of the word, is the self-luminous consciousness the *Satchidānanda Chidākāśa*. It is eternal and unaffected by the incessant changes of matter. The universe is one of its infinite aspects and the expression of its unbounded *ānandā* (bliss). The *Gnān Pradīpikā*, an authoritative Sanskrit work says, "Man, man-*Gandhārva*, *Deva-Gandhārva*, *Pitri*, born *Deva*, *Karma Deva*, the God Indra, *Brihaspati*, *Prajāpati*, the powerful *Birāt*, *Hiranyagarbha*—the partial kinds of bliss of these so-called eleven beings are only foam on the ocean of *Brahmānanda* that swells up into a huge flood at the close of the *Kalpa*." To realise this spiritual existence fully, different paths have been adopted by the great spiritual teachers of the world. The steps which run through these paths are not less precise and definite than those invented by modern Science for the conquest of Nature. But nowhere outside India have we a more scientific method for treading the unknown realms in order to reach the borders of the Infinite. The ambition of Science appears trifling and its groove narrow and limited when placed side by side with the vast prospect which spiritual Science unfolds before the mind's eye. As in our ariel flight we leave behind us our little earth and traverse in imagination through system after system in order to reach the apparent limits of space and contemplate the grand laws which easily handle suns and

stars like tiny fiery balls, and when at last we vainly attempt to comprehend the glory of that Being of beings who is above time and space and on whom these innumerable systems hang like pearls in a string, our tiny Science and its boasted achievements begin to dwindle into insignificance till they vanish into thin air like the unsubstantial fabric of a dream.

The scientific process by which the dormant mental eye is opened is known as *Astāṅga Yoga*, i. e., *Yoga* having eight processes of purification. Of these processes the first five are preparatory to the next three, viz., *Dhyān*, *Dhāraṇā*, and *Samādhi*. The five *Bhāvanā* (external processes), are, (1). *Yama*, consisting of not killing, veracity, not stealing, continence, and not courting; (2). *Niyama* consisting of contentment, austerity, audible mutterings, and devotion to the Lord; (3). *Asana*, the posture adopted at the time of concentration for inducing calm breathing; (4). *Prāṇāyāma*, regulation of the breath in order to induce calmness of the mind; (5). *Pratyahāra* consisting of the withdrawal of the senses from the objects of enjoyment. The above five processes should be regularly practised till they become a part of our nature. Next comes *Samyama* which consists of the three *Antarāṅga* (interior processes) composed of *Dhāraṇā* (fixing of the mind to a particular point), *Dhyāna* (the matured state of *Dhāraṇā*), and *Samādhi* (objectless cognition) in which consciousness shines by its own light. In the highest stage of *Samādhi* our consciousness transcends the limits of time and space and becomes transformed into the fulness of unmingled bliss. When the state of *Samādhi* becomes habitual by long practice, the *Jīva* (human monad) becomes free from the affections of matter, or *Mukta*.

Mental science, therefore, has its definite paths marked out like the processes of modern science. All these paths lead us to the Essence which underlies the phenomenal universe and that essence is the very self of man. The object of mental science as expounded in *Yoga Philosophy* is the attainment of immortality. But the object of modern science does nothing for the permanent welfare of man. The little material comfort which it affords is transient, for it is of little moment whether a man enjoys or suffers during his very short existence on earth. Immortality depends upon the cultivation of the mind and not upon the invention of optical instruments, railways, and telegraphs. The path sketched out for the followers of *Yoga* as stated above was also taught by Goutama Buddha to his disciples for the attainment of *Nirvāṇa*. How closely the means of salvation pointed out by the sage of *Kapilāvastu* resembles the path of *Astāṅga Yoga* as described above will be clear to the reader from the following summary of Buddha's teaching as given by the learned editor of the Buddhist Ray. "He (Buddha) saw and taught that every being, high or low, human or animal, while transmigrating in any of the material, semi-material, or non-material worlds, is subject to alternate misery and illusive happiness, and that lasting bliss is to be found only in *Nirvāṇa*. He saw that the cause of transmigration with its miseries, lies in the Will-to-live-for-to-enjoy (*Trishṇā*), and that, when, through enlightenment, this will ceases, *Nirvāṇa* is attained and death puts an end to further existence by putting an end to the mask (persona) of man. The Buddha's teaching is a philosophy, an "approach to enlightenment," not a religion: an *enlightened human mind* is greater than angel and god: *Intuitive Reason*, above

priest and revelation: *Self-control*, better than fasting, self-mortification and prayer: *Charity* more than self-sacrifice and temple: *Contentment* in (voluntary) rags, sublimer than heaven; and Nirvāna above world and solar-systems. The chief doctrine of the Blessed Buddha may be summed up in one word: *Justice*. The secret of the existence of any being or thing, anywhere, or in any state, good or bad, high or low, lies *within* itself. This is the doctrine of cause and effect or action and reaction (*Karma*), which may be summarized in the words of Cicero: "What you sow, that you must mow."

It may be remarked that if the doctrine of Buddha and that of the Hindu *Yogis* be identical why, now and then, Buddhism is condemned in the columns of this magazine as an atheistical system. For our part we do not think that modern Buddhism as interpreted by the leaders of the Theosophical Society is the faithful picture of the teachings of the Hindu prince. As the modern Sankhya Philosophy is a gross misrepresentation of the teachings of *Kapila*, so is modern Buddhism.

According to the Theosophical interpretation, the Infinite of the Buddhist Philosophy *"knows itself not."* In other words, the source of all existence is "perfect unconsciousness." Now, Buddha always very wisely maintained an agnostic attitude towards the uncaused Cause for he knew too well that without contemplation extending to a number of years, it is impossible for any of his disciples to comprehend the true nature of the Infinite. But Mr. Sinnett and others are determined to shake off this agnostic attitude and to give us what they call the "esoteric meaning" of Buddhism. This esoteric meaning, when closely examined, is nothing short of well-contrived atheism. Buddha laid down a strictly scientific code for the purification of the human mind and he told his disciples, "Follow my method strictly and you will know what the Infinite is." This is all what Buddha did. But the so-called esoteric doctrine claims to know what Buddha meant by the term Nirvāna and places an Unconscious Cause at the root of all phenomena.

Astrology.

ASTROLOGY is generally regarded as a mystical science. People complain that there is no sufficient testimony as to the influence of the planets on human destiny. There are people who hold that man is free agent and his success or failure in life depends partly on chance and partly on exertion. But the believer of Karmic law can not but think that a human being undergoes rebirth to enjoy or suffer for the actions done

in his former life. Our joys and sorrows in this life are, therefore, pre-ordained and the planets in controlling our destiny merely give effect to the behests of the law of Karma. The belt of fixed stars through which the sun appears to make a circuit within twenty-four hours is divided by the horizon and meridional line into four quadrants and each quadrant into three equal parts; thus the entire starry belt is apportioned into twelve houses of

heaven which, as observation and experience abundantly shew, make up that great wheel of nature, whereon depends the various fortunes contingent to all sublunary matters and things. The Zodiac like every other circle, is divided into 300 degrees and the planets revolve in a circular motion through it. The first point of the Zodiac, according to Hindu Astrology, is the first point of a star called *Ashwini*. The Zodiac is composed of a belt of 27 clusters of stars. Each of these stars is divided into four equal parts. So we have 108 starry divisions in the whole of the Zodiac. Nine of these divisions form what is called a *Rāshi*, as *Mesha*, *Brisha* &c. There are twelve *Rāshis* altogether. The motions of all these planets are not the same. Swifter planets traverse a *Rāshi* in less time than a planet of slow motion. The sun traverses one *Rāshi* or sign of the Zodiac in one month; the Moon is 2½ days; *Mangal* (Mars) in 45 days; *Budha* (Mercury) in 18 days; *Sukra* (Venus) in 28 days; *Brihaspati* (Jupiter) in 1 year; *Shani* (Saturn) in 30 months; *Rāhu* and *Ketu* in 18 months. In their passage through the heavens as above stated the planets govern the destiny of mankind. The *Rāshi* (Zodiacal sign) in which the Moon travels at the time of birth is called *Janma Rāshi*; and the particular star under which she passes at that time is called *Janma Nakshatra*.

The belt of 27 stars comprising the Zodiac has a motion of its own,—about one degree in 66 years. Each of the 27 stars has particular attributes of its own and when any planet comes under any particular star in the course of its revolution the conjunction of the two sheds a peculiar influence on the native. Of all the planets the Sun and the Moon make us feel their effects visibly. They exert great influence on our minds. Most of the diseases concerned with the kidneys become

worse, as every one knows, during the full and new moon days. Lunatics, idiots, and madmen exhibit marked changes on full Moon and new Moon days and sick people pass restless nights. Gout and rheumatism become almost intolerable at the approach of the full Moon days. People who are seriously ill generally die before the expiration of the new Moon days. Critical days in diseases are always counted from Moon's position. The 7th and 8th days are the most critical because in them she comes to a square of the place she was in when the patient was taken ill. The 4th and 5th days are also critical when she comes to her own Sextile, on the 9th or 10th she comes to her Trine, and on the 14th to her opposition, on all which days a change may be expected. Every 7th or 9th year in a man's life is critical answering to the days of the Moon because she comes to the square of her own place in the radix about every 7th day and in trine to it about every 9th day; thus the 7th, 9th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 27th, 28th, 35th, 36th, 42d, 45th, 49th, 56th, and 63d years, all are climaterical, and are regarded, and perhaps truly, to be productive of remarkable events. The most dangerous of them are the 49th and 53d, because they are doubly climaterical being 7×7 and 7×9 , and, when evil directions occur, are reckoned generally fatal. The 63rd year is called the grand climateric and a careful observer will find that more people die in their 63d year than in any other year from 50 to 80.

Among other influences of the Sun the following is taken from a work on Astrology: Man is the creature of circumstances and wherever he is he readily adapts himself to his surroundings. It is plain, therefore, that he is influenced by them. A person exposed to the rays of the morning sun gets soon bilious. We

see here that there is some mysterious power in the morning ray which acts on the biliary ducts. A person exposed to the midday rays not only finds that he has lost water by free perspiration but also feels as a matter of course thirsty. On fine mornings we feel exhilarated while on gloomy days we feel dejected or out of tune, as it were, to apply ourselves to any serious mental or physical work. Evening rays are said to be health-giving and such sensations of pain and pleasure can not therefore be said to be due to no influence from the Sun. Pleasant moon-light acts powerfully on our minds and makes us happy. The Negroes of Africa owe their thick lips, ugly forms and curled stout hairs to the influence of the Sun's rays, as do the fair creatures of the North of Europe, their fine forms regular features, and inviting looks. The Patagonian owes his tall body to the solar rays as does the pigmy his stunted form. All these facts have their scientific place and value. Food, clothing, climate, seed and other surroundings determine the character of not only the man but also of the animal. We thus see that we are incessantly acted upon by the invisible and inconceivable forces that surround us, and when we say that we are under their influences we do not require the reader to believe anything more than they actually see and feel.

The Moon in the Star *Krittika* if passing through the 7th sign from *Janma Lagna* generally produces blindness, injuries, or disease to the eyes. Saturn (Shani) in the 2nd house in conjunction, square or opposition to the Sun or the

Moon or both is a sure sign of poverty.

Persons having Saturn or Mars on the western angle receiving cross or opposition aspects are sure to meet with misfortune and storms of domestic tragedies ensue in wedlock if two or more "malifics" oppose each other from eastern and western angles.

Jupiter or Sun in the second house generally makes the native wealthy. Mercury when within 8 degrees from the Sun produces stammering or indistinct speech. Weak Moon in the second house generally produces weakness of the eyes. When weak Moon is fully seen by the cross aspects of Saturn and Mars, or when she is between the latter planets, the native generally loses his mother during infancy. When the Sun is similarly aspected or similarly situated the native generally loses his father during childhood. Saturn in the birth sign never fails to produce gout. All planets in the tenth house from the birth sign always raises the man above the multitude, and planets in the eleventh house rarely fail to make him rich. Mars in the twelfth house generally kills one's wife.

The above are some of the astrological facts; and one who has studied this science knows very well the surprising changes which planets work in our life according to fixed Karmic laws. In spite of the government of the planets in those affairs whose causes we have generated in our previous life, much room is still left for the exercise of the free-will of man as regards the new causes which he is to generate in his present life.

A Sanyasi.

THERE came a Sanyási, an Adwaitee, yet possessing a heart full of Bhakti of the superior type—a strange conjunction; a young man not far along in the thirties, with piercing eyes and a countenance that had nothing but an overwhelming force of sincerity and wakefulness in it, and a shade of anxiety appearing at long intervals, perhaps for the *Vichár* (discrimination) that was going on at those times in his mind,—in one of the *Ghát*s (bathing-places) of the sacred stream that flows by the little town of C—. A friend of mine came upon him struck by his appearance, sought for his acquaintance which he readily acquiesced in. My friend sent word to me, and I soon joined the pair who sat already retired, a few paces off the Ghát, under the shade of a large Aswatha tree whose giant arms overhung the stream. Without giving any other particulars about the Sanyási I hasten to record as far as I remember the gist of a part of the conversation which we had with him, as the other part which my friend began before I reached them will be of no interest to the reader, and I leave the reader to make an estimate of the character of the Sanyási for himself.

"What is the object of your life," I asked after the first subject was exhausted, "by thus accepting the *Sannyás dharma* in preference to the usual *Grihastāsam*."

"For Conscious Existence in Bliss," answered he, "to identify myself, mind you, and not to lose myself in or to commingle myself with the End and Source of all existence. To realise that I am the eternal Sat-chidanānda in whom the mirage of

the universe is shining before the senses as real and substantial." "Couldn't that have been secured at home among the ordinary duties of a man," I suggested.

His face became grave. "No," he said firmly, "the home is the seat of a peculiar class of influence which does not fail to affect even the greatest of *Virekis*. And no cessation of mental pulsations can be hoped for until all *Sanskāras* and influences cease to reflect themselves on the mirror of the mind."

"But it requires the exhaustion of Karma to bring the state of mind you are speaking of. How do you expect, if you thus fly from your past Karma and generate a new set again to see an end of your *Punarjunma*? You see the Karmas that were operating upon you when you were at home are thus held over by the action of your fresh energy. They must obtain fruition and necessarily drag you again in the womb. Was it not better to exhaust them at home?"

"You are arguing" said he smiling, "in the following manner. A person contracts the habit of a debauchee and lives with the unfortunates. Somehow, however, sometimes after he perceives his folly and gives up his former ways. Now would you (as you seem to argue) advise him not to eschew his vice but to stick to it, until the exhaustion of his *Karma*, as you say? Is he destined to be drawn to that life again if he mends and completely forsakes that path? You would say that his life and the life of a wise *Grihastā* differ; but I say no, both of them cannot but earn fresh *Karmas* and create desires from the

very nature of their circumstances. However *Niskama* the heart of a *Grihasta* may be, it cannot be absolutely *Niskama* and must be tinged with desires. When a man does anything of the usual worldly life, he *thinks* first. That thought by its inherent law recurs, to speak nothing of the time that is lost in doing the work that could have been well-spent in spiritual concentration. I am not counting the *result* of the act for it may be done without attachment. Now as soon as a man thinks, he lays himself open to similar thought-influences which are always present in the thought-land and often to the thoughts and actions of those persons who surround him. Just see what shocks the mind of a man living in the world have invariably to receive! Indeed the recurrence of his thoughts and the addition of fuel to his *Sanskāras* go on uninterruptedly as ever. The sage and the fool are alike exposed to these local influences. A pretty good religious life, I own may be led but absolute purgation of the mind is impossible. As to the "reservation of Karma" you were frightening me with, continued he, smiling again, relaxing from his serious tone a little, but reassuming it as soon as he began to speak again, "I assure you *Karmas* cannot be gagged and stopped and held over. They must spend their energy anyhow. Of course there are certain persons who can guide, control and shift *Karma* but I am talking of men and not of *Them*. There are also peculiar *Karmas* which cannot unfold themselves but in certain peculiar circumstances but these are very few and the generality of *Karma* adapt themselves to all positions. But don't you see that the possibilities of a man are vast. His *Purushkār* (determined will) can do

anything, only a part of it has been spent—rather polluted—and now stands against him but it is not exhausted."

"Does not the Gita teach us to work without attachment to the result thereof, but not to give up work?" "Yes, but it does not end there as you seem to suppose. That is only preparatory to *Sannyās* which is the end. The ordinary worldly man should not give up work at once but learn first to work without attachment, leaving the fruit to God, as it is said, and by this process, his mind will attain a certain purity and become free from certain evil affections, but, mind you, *will not be wholly purified*. Now when a man reaches this stage, when he can act without being affected by the results whether good or bad, he should *then* and *only then* accept *Sannyās* for the thorough purgation of his mind from the remaining influences and *Sanskāras*. Śrī Kṛṣṇa like, *ananyāśchintayantomām je janāḥ parjupāsate** and *Sarbadharmān prityajya māmekam śaranam brajāt†* virtually mean, accept *Sannyās* i. e. do nothing^{*} but think of me wholly and solely. You should consult Param Guru Bhagaban Śrī Sankara's preface to the Bhāṣya of Gita, for the real teaching which the Gita conveys."

"Then do you say that *Sannyās* is the only path for final emancipation and the same cannot be expected by *Sādhan* (devotion) at home by a man devoting a portion of his time in worldly affairs?"

"Assuredly. There are seen a few persons (their number is one in a million) who are born as the master of immense wealth as well as high spiritual tendencies and receiving enormous help of the grandest kind, for their poble *Karmas* of previous lives who devote

* Vide Gita Ch. 2, Śl. 62.

† Vide Gita Ch. 9, Śl. 22.

themselves to spiritual pursuits and win the object. They have not to bestow a single *thought* to any other matter, mind you, so they can be said to live more retired than in a *Gupha*. But see the case of an ordinary man. He has to *court Sungam* of affections and things if he lives in the world instead of flying from them. And what is the effect of *Sungam*? Bhagaban says, *Dhyāyato bishayān punsah sangateshupjāyate*,* the very thought of a thing ties us down to it. Thus you see the ordinary man, however godly and spiritual, has to nestle in his breast a secret flame, side by side with his spiritual craving—that of the care to support his family and this flame is fed and fanned, by the daily practice of his routine duties among and with worldly men. However godly a man may be, know for certain, that if he does *anything* for the world systematically, and cherish in his breast the idea that he has some duties upon the proper discharge of which this or that thing is dependent, his *mukti* is as distant as ever. For it is clearly seen that there remains a care—a steady attraction towards the world which hourly and daily plants its root firmly in his mind and swells in strength and dimension, nourished by continued habit and association, and in no time grows up to a big tree bearing branches, leaves, and fruits; while entire purgation of the mind from all impulses and thoughts are required. I am only speaking of the permanent and inevitable local influences which every man is exposed to in the world, there are thousand other dangers, which I need not enumerate. And as to leaving home, don't you know the opinion of the *Sruti* on the point. It says '*Jaduhareba virajet tadahareba prabrajat*,' i. e. accept the

Sannyās dharma the very day you have *Bairagya*, i. e., you find out the unreality of the world and forsake all desires of enjoyment in this world and the next."

"I will put you a childish question now," said I over-powered with his reason. "Does not the security of health, food and shelter of home count for anything? Is not a man inconvenienced for them out in the jungles?" I added diffidently. "Oh no," rang out his clear voice, "one is better off there. Not only does the health keep well but improve in the beautiful climate where *āśramas* are situated, and food and better shelter than that of home are obtained there for nothing, without costing even the hundredth part of the worry and toil which are suffered here to procure them in the cities. You get the beautiful mountain *Guphas*, neither hot nor cold and so evenly temperate all the year round. As to food the steady lifelong labor which procures it here is substituted by an occasional search which provides one for a long time with decent meals or more frequently the *Yogis* are supplied at their *āśramas* regularly with victuals as long as they need them by local arrangement, which rule obtains there, I may say, from the beginning of the present *manvantara*. Nature herself provides the necessities of her children. Your hunger you get opportunities to attend to, as you do the other calls. Haven't you read in the *Srimadbhagabat* about Shukedeva's celebrated sayings upon the subject?† But I shall not tarry longer as the time of the appointment is near."

I was in a confusion. Shall I accept the words of this young man without soberly thinking upon the points he decided or shall I follow him? My mind wavered in turns

* Vide Gita Ch. 18, Sl. 66.

† Vide Sreemadbhagabat Sk. II, Ch. 2.

and before I could settle anything he had begun his journey to keep his appointment of which he told us before.

"When shall you come again," I asked eagerly.

Ask of the wind that is just pass-

ing by when shall it return," said he with another of his beautiful smiles, and like the wind he went his way free and joyous, while I returned home, feeling cross and disappointed.

Alpha.

Professor Baldwin.

(Continued.)

WE had a long conversation on various subjects. I found both the professor and his wife extremely good company. I called on him first on the following Tuesday, again on the following Friday, when my wife went with me; and finally on Monday, when he kindly gave me a private seance.

From his conversation I gathered the following explanation or theory of Mrs. Baldwin's marvellous power: Mrs. Baldwin is mesmerised and gets into a kind of dream state, in which she is in a hyperæsthetic condition, and is able to take in impressions, vibrations, or whatever they are, which neither she nor anybody else would be able to do in their ordinary waking state. Whatever may be the physical disturbance which is set up in the ether (or whatever else it may be that surrounds her) when a thought passes through the mind or an event takes place in time and space, she is often, but not always, able, while in this state, to get an impression of it, and so to read and interpret it. Whilst she is in this state of trance *she does not retain her own proper consciousness*. When she wakes up after having seen a murder or anything of that kind, she has no recollection of what she has seen,

but only a feeling that she has had a nasty dream. Her power of vision is not always at command, neither is it always reliable and accurate. Her predictions, therefore, are not to be regarded as infallible and inevitable. She, whilst in this state of trance, is not cognisant of anything except what I tell her, and if the place was on fire she would not understand what was happening, but would be burned to death if not carried out or if I did not wake her. There is one curious fact, however, *she can always say when she is tired and wants to be awakened*. "There are only three or four people in the world," continued the professor, "who have so much this inscrutable power which my wife has." He endeavoured to explain the nature of it by saying that just as a bloodhound is able to pick up traces of scent impalable to the nose of other species of dog, so Mrs. Baldwin when in this supersensitive state is able to take in impressions impalable to us. I asked Mrs. Baldwin how she was able to read the names and addresses of the people whose questions she answered. Did she see them written like the address on an envelope, or did she see the house itself in the street? She replied, "Neither; it was more

in the way that you see things in a dream."

HIS BIOGRAPHY AND RELIGION.

I learned some interesting particulars about the professor's early life. His father was a Wesleyan minister, and wished to bring him up to be a minister also—a Presbyterian or a Congregational minister. He spoke with the deepest reverence and fondest affection on his father's memory. But his views began early to undergo a change, and at the age of eight he was flogged by his father because he did not believe in hell. He describes himself as an Agnostic, and speaks as if he were a Materialist, for he cannot conceive of the existence of pure spirit without some sort of body, however thin, attenuated, ethereal, and impalpable it may be. He also appears to adopt a pantheistic conception of the universe. "For," said he, "I cannot look upon God as an individual. I cannot believe that he is an individual. God is the sum total of all the forces, physical, and inscrutable, in the entire universe. God and nature are identical. Everybody and everything, even that scrap of paper, is a part of God."

Going into his history, he said: "I spent some years in America exposing the humbug attached to Spiritualism, and received numerous letters from ministers of all denominations, including Henry Ward Beecher, thanking me for my exposures. But that did not last for more than two years, for the papers published full accounts of my performances, and when I got into the next town, people had read all about it and didn't want to attend." He never intended going into the show business. He was, as it were, gradually led into it. For two years he gave psychic seances in private in America, charging a fee for each interview. The bulk of his receipts were those which

came from his own clients who consulted him dozens of times. Men of business used to come for advice on practical matters. The moment they entered he addressed them by name, and frequently answered their questions and told them all they wanted to know before they had spoken a single word.

HIS SEANCES.

He then described to me the way in which his seances were usually conducted. "We sit opposite to each other at the table. I get my client to write his questions to some dead friend, fold it up and throw it on to the table. Then I take a sheet of paper, and altogether apart from my own will my hand moves rapidly and writes an answer to it. Then in a positively miraculous way a brief answer is written, say, in one or two words, upon the question-paper itself as it lies folded and held in the hand of the man, and that often in the very handwriting of the dead person to whom the question was addressed."

"All this," said the professor, "is done by an inscrutable force. There is no chicanery about it and no trickery in it. What that force is I do not know. I believe it is a natural force, the properties of which we do not yet understand. It may be electricity, or magnetism or something akin to it." I suggested that a force which gave a rational intelligible answer to a rational intelligible question, proposed by a rational intelligent being, must itself be something more than a mere mechanical force. It must be a rational intelligent being itself. To this he cordially agreed. Yet he could not admit that this intelligent force, as he preferred to call it, was an individual. I suggested that even man is not an individual in the absolute sense of being cut off, separate and distinct from every other man. On the contrary, he is a member of

an organic whole, mind as mind being connected with mind all the world over. We then passed on to other objects.

He expressed the conviction that Moody's power lay in his magnetic personality. The same with Beecher, the same with Surgeon; and so, perhaps, he added, with Moses and Elijah and Elisha. Why should not their influence be accounted for as another instance of the working of this inscrutable natural force or power, call it electricity, magnetism, nerve-force, or whatever you like.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS.

Professor Baldwin and I were drawn together by a sort of sympathetic elective affinity. I was very deeply interested in all that he said, and especially struck by the richness of his imagination, the robustness of his intellect, the manly honesty of his views, and the fearlessness with which he expressed them. On the other hand, he was kind enough to express an interest in me, and though in a very low state of health, and sometimes suffering acute pain, he gave me a seance without fee or reward of any kind, and for no earthly object except to satisfy my intellectual curiosity, and my yearning for a higher and deeper knowledge of this wonderful world in which we live, and the forces, the intelligences, and the powers amid which we dwell. I was also much struck by the shrewd, practical common-sense of the man; his contempt for the narrow bigotry of the men with minds, whether educated or uneducated, who can see nothing in these startling quasi-supernatural phenomena except trickery and chicanery, and the ebullitions of the mind of a crack-brained enthusiast. Of Mrs. Baldwin I took also a most pleasing impression. Her affection for her husband, which he so richly reciprocates, her unceasing care for his comfort, and

her attention to a thousand little matters in which she is able to minister to his happiness, was certainly a most winsome and beautiful sight. She is well domesticated, homely, simple, and unaffected in all her ways, and at the same time gifted with a most vivid imagination. She could not read the account of the sinking of the *Victoria* without deep and prolonged pain, she pictured the whole scene before her mind as she read it, and could not help seeing the heads of the drowning men in the sea, as real and as true to life as if she had actually witnessed it. The same with the accident in the Box Tunnel on the Great Western Railway, which happened a week or two ago.

Professor Baldwin has travelled all over the world, and has spent a considerable portion of time in China, India, Ceylon, Thibet, Palestine, Africa, &c. He has now been in England about eighteen months, and has booked engagements in various provincial towns up to the end of March, 1894.

Such then, was the man whom I went to see on a day which will ever remain the most remarkable in my whole history. I had never attended a seance, never seen anything of table-rapping, had no belief of Spiritualism, and did not believe in the possibility or, at any rate, in the actuality of any communication between the unseen universe and ourselves. That day, however, was like taking a step into the unseen universe. A new world was opened to me, and all my early faith in God, immortality, duty, prayer, angels, and the reality of the life in the great hereafter, which had been somewhat deadened by the proneness of my mind to scepticism, and by the course of my intellectual studies, came back to me and filled my soul with a flood of light. The following is an account of the seance:—

THE SEANCE.

We sat down at a large table on opposite sides, facing each other. He handed me a number of slips of soft, thin, ordinary printing paper, each measuring about four by three inches. Then he took for himself a little pile of sheets of ordinary writing paper measuring, perhaps, eight by six inches. There were a number of lead pencils on the table, so that when he was writing he might not have to stop to get one sharpened.

I then wrote eight questions on eight slips of paper, each one addressed to some friend or other person whom I knew to have passed away, and each one written in the form of a letter. A book was placed in front of me to act as a screen, and to prevent the possibility of his seeing what I was writing. When he knows anything about the questions, it is always more difficult for him to get accurate results, as then his own thoughts mingle with those he receives and pervert the substance of the message.

THE MOUDS OPERANDI.

As I wrote each question, I folded it five times, doubling it each time, so that at last the paper was only one thirty-second of its original size. When written and folded, I threw the paper down on the table in front of us. It was broad daylight, there was only one mirror in the room (the ordinary dining-room of an ordinary dwelling-house), and that was covered over with a newspaper. Mrs. Baldwin, the professor, and I were the only persons in the room.

When I had written the first paper he said—"I am tired and ill to-day, and I am not sure that I shall get any impressions."

Then he took the paper and placed it on his forehead. "Yes,

that will do," he said. "Now write another."

I went on writing as directed.

"Go on," he said, placing the papers, as I wrote, and folded, and gave them to him, on his forehead; "I am not tired yet."

When I came to the fifth or sixth paper, he said: "I think I shall be in good form to-day after all. You are charged with electric vitality; your whole personality is thrown into every stroke and every dot you make. I would advise you now to ask some question the answer to which will be of some practical benefit to you."

Just before I wrote the eighth paper he said, "You can write just one more, and I think that will be enough."

I then took the eight folded papers into my double-hands and shook them all up together, so that it was impossible for either of us to have the slightest inkling or knowledge of the person to whom any particular paper was addressed. After this I put them down on the table again.

He picked two or three of them up, one at a time, and placed them to his forehead again. Then he looked round a little to his right and murmured, as if talking to himself or to some invisible being on his right-hand side, or somewhere about him, near or far:—

"Yes, yes, a brother—two brothers!

"You want to speak to him?

"Yes, yes, you'll speak presently.

"What, that's my name?

"I say, that's my name; what's yours?

"Your name too! Oh, I see. Your name is S—too."

Then, turning to me, he asked: "Have you got a brother called S—?"

"Yes," I replied; "I had."

Then addressing himself once more to the invisible being or beings on his right, he said quietly: "Yes, yes. Oh! a professor."

"Again turning to me, he asked: Do you know a Professor Robertson?"

"Quite right," I replied; "I do."

Again addressing the invisible, he said: "Wait a bit what is it you say?"

"Oh, Professor Croom Robertson."

Once more he turned to me, and asked: "Had you a teacher at school called Professor Croom Robertson?"

"Yes," I replied; "he was my teacher in philosophy at University College, London."

"Ah, yes," said he, "that's what I mean; we call them schools in America."

A little later, or possibly a little earlier, he turned to me again, and asked: "Have you got a brother F—?"

"Yes," I replied: "that is quite right."

We were now ready to commence business.

First he asked me to touch one of the papers. No response. Then a second, then a third. "That's it," he cried. He then told me to take the paper and hold it in the palm of my hand, closing my fist and keeping it there.

"Do you know," he inquired, "which paper it is that you hold in your hand?"

I said: "No; that is quite impossible."

The papers had remained on the table before me the whole of the time. There was no possibility of deception, so far as I can see. It was broad daylight. Not one of the papers was removed from before us; from this time forth I kept it in my hand, which was firmly closed.

"Now, then," he said to me, "you can do what you like; you can read or walk about the room, or anything else, just as if you were in your own parlour. You can watch me: only don't get excited. Keep your mind perfectly passive, or else you

will perhaps impress your thought on my mind, and I want to be perfectly calm, placid, and colourless."

Then he took up a pencil and began to write. He went on for fifteen or twenty minutes, writing as hard as he could. Meanwhile I read a few pages of a copy of *The Review of Reviews*, the one with the sketch of "Besant and Rice" in it, which lay on the table before me.

A STARTLING TEST.

At the end of that time he looked up and said:

"Now then, keep that paper in your hand, and keep your hand closed, but just hold it underneath the table, and put your ear to the table. You will then hear him write a brief answer in one or two words on the question-paper itself as it lies in your hand."

I did so, and I heard a sound as if some one came and took up a pencil, and then, after a moment, put it down on the table again. It was so real that I thought it was Professor Baldwin himself who was doing it. Perhaps it was; I am not quite clear on this point. I did not hear the scratch of the pencil-writing as I expected to.

Then he said, "Now open your hand and see."

I opened it, and here is a copy of what I found there:—

PROFESSOR G. CROOM ROBERTSON,

DEAR SIR,

Do you think it would be well for me to examine into the rationale of these communications by means of this inscrutable force or whatever it is?

Yours faithfully, V. W.

On the left-hand margin, just as above, was written, apparently in Professor Croom Robertson's own hand-writing, the word "Yes."

I have just looked at it again to-day (September 26th). It seems to

have been written by some electric-chemical or some other extraordinary process. The professor, says he, thinks it is written with plumbago a form of carbon used in blacklead pencil. It is equally clear, distinct, and legible with my own writing, but seems to have been written in lines, each of which is made up of dots. I have not, however, seen it under the microscope. It does not show through to the other side of the paper. The rest of the writing on the above slip is the question which I wrote and addressed to Professor Robertson in my own hand.

Professor Baldwin then tossed over the sheets of the letter he had been writing. It was contained on eight pages, in Professor Baldwin's ordinary hand writing, and read as follows:—

MY DEAR W., (Page 1)

Why not:

Was any man ever the worse for more knowledge? It cannot be of any harm to you to know more—ay, much more—of a force, yes, a real power, the existence of which is now being admitted by most of the real, true thinkers of modern society. This man is not a good medium. He is worn (page 2), and he is ill, and his finer nature is blunted. I cannot control him as I would like, and I may not be able to say all I would like to you—it is as if I was (*sic*) writing with a pen that splutters and with thick ink, and I may not be able to give you such (page 3) proofs as I would like of my absolute identity. I have said (on the first page) that there is a force, I might say that there are millions of forces that can communicate through the proper mediums. Those forces are not properly speaking mere forces (page 4); they are identities, they are individualities. I am as much here to-day, I am as near you, as close to you, as I ever was in the past.

[In answer to your queries] I should say yes—most emphatically, yes; use every sensible chance for rational investigation as (page 5) to the rationale of the unseen power that causes the results to-day. Do not be carried away at any time by any superstitious veneration for spirits. Nor must you waste time that you need in your other duties, but whenever you can spare the time and (page 6) have proper mediums to work through and with, then by all means investigate; but be careful: there are bigots who cannot comprehend the yearning of a higher mind for light. Let your investigations be thorough, but there is no necessity to publish to (page 7) the world what you are doing. Be careful not to raise the spirit of antagonism. Investigate sensibly, but do not get too enthusiastic. I believe you will become a convert to and a believer in the existence of spirit individualities and their power, under some circumstances, to (page 8) communicate with and perhaps be of great benefit to friends in earth life.

May God bless you and prosper you in your investigations is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend and well-wisher,

J. CROOM ROBERTSON.

"There," said Professor Baldwin, as he handed me the sheets, "take that and read it, and see if it is a rational answer to your question?"

Meanwhile he asked me to take up a second folded question-paper and hold it in my hand.

Whilst I was reading Professor Robertson's letter he broke in suddenly as if addressing the invisible spirit on his right: "What do you say?—wait a bit."

Then turning to me like a man whose hands were full, and who was afraid of dropping something, he just glanced at me, said, "Have you addressed a letter to anyone whose initials are W. W.?", and

immediately turned back to the spirit as if afraid of losing him.

I paused and said nothing. I had written to eight persons, and no one's name beginning with W. W., occurred to me. I recollected one beginning with W. B., which kept possession of my mind and, perhaps, in this way crowded the other out.

Professor Baldwin immediately seized a little slip of paper with "W. W." on it, and said, in the same agitated manner, "Have you written to anyone with those initials?"

The very next moment he tossed me another paper with "Grandpa" on it.

"Oh, yes," I said, suddenly recollecting that I had written to my grandfather, W. W. "It is quite right. Certainly I have; only I couldn't recollect it."

Then Professor Baldwin fell to writing a very short note on one sheet of paper, which he placed before me on the table upside down, saying, "Read that presently when you are ready for it." A moment later he turned to the spirit, and said—"What do you say?"

Then he turned back to me, and said—"He says he will give you the name in full."

He then took another little slip of paper, and wrote on it just one single word.

Then he told me to open the paper in the palm of my hand.

My question was as follows:—

W. W.

DEAR GRANDFATHER,

Will N——be well advised in pursuing his business with B.W. Downs?

Yours affectionately,

V. W.

The sheet containing the reply which the professor had placed before me upside down contained the

following little note written in the centre of it:—

I think N——
will be very well
in business
with W. B. D.

Then there was the little slip he gave me afterwards, which bore the one word "Downs" simply.

This over, the professor next picked up the papers one after another and put them to his forehead, apparently getting no result. At last he smiled and said, "I'm afraid, it's no good." Then he told me to put my finger on one of them, he also touching it with his pencil at the same time, and saying, "Is it this?"

We touched a second paper, a third, a fourth.

"Dress it hard," said he.

I did so.

"Yes, that's it," said he again.

"Put it into your hand and keep it there, and then you can go on reading."

Presently he began again addressing himself in the usual way, in a musing meditative, reverie-like tone, as he turned to the right and held his head a little down as if looking for something in an absorbed, absent-minded kind of way.

"Will you come? Will you come?"

"Hem? Eh? I can't make it out."

"Yes, yes. To see that you know;"

"Yes, but what about that?"

"He'll know? Well, but what for?"

Then he turned to me and said, "He says he won't write: he only wants to tell you something. It's about your little girl. Will you take a paper and write down four or five dates and among them the date on which your little girl was born?"

I took a sheet of paper and wrote at random:—

January 7
March 8
———22
July 7

Then I gave it back to him.

He hesitated considerably, turned to the spirit and said, "Eh, what—that one?"

Then he drew a circle round the last date, July 7, gave the paper to me, and said, "Is that the day on which your little girl was born?"

I said, "Do you mean that one—July 7th?"

He felt that there was something wrong: so he said to me, "Did he know the day your little girl was born; is there any reason why he should remember the date?"

I said, "No, of course; he died long before she was born."

So then he turned to the spirit once more, and said:—"Eh? Oh! that one. Then why didn't you say so before?"

He then marked the date——22nd, gave the paper back to me, and said, confidently, "That's it."

When I found that he was on the wrong date I did not look at the paper, for fear of helping him telepathically by fixing my thought on the right date; so I looked away immediately to the large melons on the floor. I had supper with the professor one evening and we had one of the most luscious melons I ever tasted. He is a connoisseur in melons.

After giving me back the paper he said, "Now you can open your hand and read."

This was my question:—

SAMUEL W.,

DEAR BROTHER,

Can you tell me exactly when my little girl was born?

Your affectionate brother,

V. W.

——22nd is my little girl's birthday. I wrote this simply as a test question.

I quite understood the conversation which he had with the supposed spirit at the selection of the

question, and just afterwards the professor did not seem to be able to make it out. This was the spirit—also who said, at the commencement of the seance, "I'll speak to you *presently*."

I then selected another paper. When I had taken it in my hand he began to write again, a long five-paged letter, in reply.

Meanwhile I settled down to look at the picture in *The Review of Reviews* that lay on the table before me, and then got up and looked out of the window, and had a little chat with Mrs. Baldwin, though not a long one, as I feared our conversation might disturb the professor in his work.

After about fifteen minutes he paused and said, "I should think your father was not a literary man; he was a gentleman farmer or something of that kind, not accustomed to do much writing."

I said, "Yes, that is perfectly correct."

He then went on writing for about another fifteen minutes more.

Finally he wound up and told me he had done.

"Just one minute," I said. "Can you ask him to put his initials, or some mark, on the question paper before I open it, the same as you did with the first?"

The professor smiled at my simplicity. "Oh, dear no," said he; "I don't control them. They control me I have no power to do anything except what they tell me."

I then opened my hand, and he passed over the sheets of the letter he had written to me.

My question was as follows:—

J. W. W.,

DEAR FATHER,

How can I spend my life so as to do the most good possible?

Your loving son,

V. W.

The following is the reply which my father, who died many years since, sent me through Professor Baldwin. I omit some private passages.

(page 1)

DEAR SON,

To be good is to do good. The way generally is shown to those who seek for it. You will manage to find the way. I cannot at present suggest any better method than that shown to you by your own common-sense. I am glad to say that, from what I can see, you are much (page 2) esteemed and liked. I believe that no one doubts your sincerity or your religious and moral honesty. I believe that you are doing good, and with years will come experience and the capacity to do more. I am proud of you, and happy that you are working so to serve your God, and are trying to live up to your (page 4) ideas of Christianity.

May God in His great love guide your foot-steps so that you will be a leader of men to their saving and that you may be able to make much of man's heaven and happiness here as well as in the great hereafter. (page 5) With love that is limitless God loves all. May your love for Him never grow smaller; may your faith in Him never grow less, is the heartfelt wish of

Your affectionate father,
J. W. W.

It is exactly the kind of letter that I should have expected from my father if he had been watching over me for the last fourteen years, and was now permitted for one moment to speak to me through the veil.

Then we tried once more to get another paper that seemed to be communicative. The professor tossed it across to me, and said, "Take that in your hand," and again he settled down to write; this time a

three paged letter. When it was finished he told me to open my hand, and gave me the letter to read. My question was as follows:—

F. W.

DEAR BROTHER,

Can you give me any advice with regard to my investments?

Yours affectionate brother,

V. W.

As in each of the previous cases, the reply was written without Professor Baldwin having any knowledge whatever either of the nature of the question or of the person to whom it was addressed, or even of the fact that I had a brother F—— at all. There is no possibility of trickery, or chicanery, or deception of any kind here, so far as I can see; and I state upon my word of honour that there was absolutely no gammon and no collusion between us; nothing but perfect sanity and sobriety of judgment, and perfect integrity and sincerity of purpose throughout.

The reply to my question was as follows:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The Dominion of Canada is today in a sound financial position. The Canadian banks are all paying well; there has not been a serious bank failure in Canada for many years. The Bank of Montreal, at Vancouver, British Columbia, or the Bank of British Columbia at Vancouver, are now paying (page 2) four per cent. on money deposited for six or twelve months. The Bank of Montreal has a capital of about twelve millions, and is reckoned to be almost next to the Bank of England in solidity and safety. The Bank of British Columbia is also very good. Now, either of these institutions are in my opinion (page 3) quite safe, and will pay four per cent., and the money is pretty nearly

on call. I don't know of anything that pays so well that is so sure.

Your affectionate brother,
F——.

There remained yet three other papers on the table.

"There, now," said the professor, "that's all I can do; my power is gone. Let me see if I can tell you what it is like. It is as if I had a cup of water and emptied the cup. The last drop is gone. I can do no more."

The *séance* was now over.

Professor Baldwin tried to explain to me that it was necessary for him to have a perfectly smooth, calm, unruffled mind, like the surface of the still water of a mountain lake.

"If you drop a small shot," said he, "into such a smooth-surfaced lake, ripples will be formed that can be traced to the very verge of the lake. But when the mind has thoughts of its own and is active, it is like dropping in a shot and a brick together at the same time. You cannot then distinguish or trace the impression made by the shot at all."

He also told me he did not think the spirits knew everything. "They have their limitations as well as we. It is a great mistake to think that they are infallible." He once wrote an answer at a *séance* in which a spirit replied: "There are powers above us, and they won't let us know *everything*."

"Again," he said, "if the spirit were omniscient, what has to come through me must necessarily partake of the imperfections of the medium through whom it passes? The general literary style of the letters will be those of the spirit that writes them, but mistakes in spelling, for example, would be from me."

"The state I am in during this work," said he, "is one of deep reverie. You feel as if you were ab-

sorbed in some great problem and some one came and told you the house was on fire, and then you felt as if you would like to say, 'Oh, just ring the bell, and get somebody to attend to that. Don't bother me.'"

The professor was not at all in good health, and if it had been a mere business engagement I am sure he would not have gone through with it. It would have been cancelled or postponed; but as it was given, not for money but for the sake of obliging me, he was good enough to put himself to considerable pains on my behalf.

During the *séance* he told me that his feet were as cold as ice, even though he was heated, and even perspiring, in other parts. When it was concluded, however, he said: "I doubt if it would be possible to find a medium in all England who would be able to give you better results than you have had this afternoon," a sentiment which I felt quite prepared to endorse. This, of course, was after he had read the letters, for he, in his own proper self, knew nothing of what he had written during the time that he was under the control of the spirits who wrote to me through him.

"Do you know," I asked him at the conclusion of the *séance*, "if there is anything in any of these communications about matters of finance?"—"I do not," he replied.

I have no theory on which to account for these remarkable phenomena. The "trick" hypothesis seems to me to be precluded by the conditions. The "Devil" hypothesis is out of it, for the Father of Lies could not have said so many things that are good and true. The "natural force" hypothesis will not wash, for the force is a rational intelligence, and therefore akin to mind and not to matter, that is to say it is *personal*. The telepathic hypothesis that

the sub-conscious mind of Professor Baldwin was reading my thoughts does not accord with the facts, for the matter of the communications was not in my mind at the time, and was never a part of the experience of Professor Baldwin. I can only suppose that Professor Robertson tells the simple truth when he says that spirit individualities whose

absolute identity is capable of being proved "have power under some circumstances to communicate with and perhaps be of great benefit to friends in earth life." I do not, however, commit myself to any theory. I merely record the facts.

BORDERLAND.

Pantheism.

EXTRACT from Note (l) on the Programme of the 4th Great Assembly of the Bharat Dharma Mahá Mandal regarding "abandonment of the objectionable terms:" Note (l) runs thus: "That the objectionable English and Prakrita terms such as the following, that are erroneously used by foreigners and opponents of the Sanátan Dharma, and bear objectionable meanings shall not for obvious reasons, be used, when speaking of or referring to the Sanátan Dharma and its followers in any of the Records or Journals &c. of the Bhárat Dharma Mahá Mandal:— (1). Hindu. (2). Religion. (3). India. (4). Hinduism. (5). Vedantism. (6). Idolatory. (7). Pouttalic Dharma. (8). Brahmaism. (9). Pantheism. (10). Sectarianism. (11). Gods. (12). Goddess. (13). Revelation. (14). Mystery. (15). Orthodox. (16). Heterodox. (17). Mythology. (18). Superstition, &c., &c.

"Webster gives two meanings to this word of Greek origin."—

1st. 'The doctrine that the universe taken or conceived of as a whole, is God.'

2nd. 'The doctrine that there is no God but the combined forces and laws which are manifested in the existing universe.' Both these mea-

nings are not according to the doctrines of the Shastras of the Sanátan Dharma which plainly teach that the *Achintya Sanátan Brahma* or the unknown Infinite God is the only positive entity. The universe is the negative non-entity and the soul is not separate from or other than God. *Brahma Satyam jaganmithyá, Jiva Brahmaivaanáparah*. Even the first principle of the universe, *Avyaktá Prakriti Shakti* (unevolved or nature force) which ignorantly supposed by us deluded souls to be co-existent with God, like darkness with light, is really a non-entity. But *atmá* the soul the universal soul—the totality of all *Jiva* or individual souls of the microcosm when it is devoid of all relations to the universe (for there being no real universe, the many individual souls are merely the false appearance of the reflection of the one universal soul, like the reflection of the one sun falsely appearing to be many on many basins of water reflected by them, but which is merely an illusion of the seer) is at one with *i. e.* not separate from or other than the unknown God. The Upanishads say, 'God is 'all in all'; 'all the false phenomena of things evolved existed and are involved in God,'—

'*Svarvam khalvidam Brahma*,' and again, God is not this or that thing of the universe," *"naiti-naiti"*—because there exists really nothing but God. Hence everything besides God is a phantom of the seer, the deluded individual soul, and the false phantom exists in God but God cannot exist in the false phantom, nor can it be the false phantom itself like the phantom of a *false* snake on a *real* piece of rope. In this case, the rope is all in all of the false snake because there existed really nothing but the rope. Hence the snake besides the rope is a phantom of the seer and the false phantom exists in the rope but the rope cannot exist in the false phantom, nor can it be the false phantom itself:—

(2). For these reasons it must be understood, (1) that God is merely the occupier of the whole space within as well as beyond the false phenomena of macrocosm and microcosm and therefore erroneously believed to be the sustainer of the material universe.

(3). That God being everywhere merely sustains Its own reflection (*ābhasam*) on the many false phenomena of the finite, conditioned *Jiva* or individual souls in the microcosm of all animated creatures.

(4). That the infinite and unconditioned God being immutable and therefore inactive is merely the knower and indirect sustainer and cannot be the direct actor of these false phenomena of the material and spiritual universe.

(5). That the plain cause of regular evolution and involution and of the systematic conduct of the natu-

ral and physical laws of these false phenomena of nature is the inevitable result of the past and present *Karma* or energy or actions good and evil (also called *Daiva* and *Purushakar*, *Adrista* and *Drista*) of the false, finite, conditioned, individual souls during the sojourn of their several past and present rational lives in microcosm and macrocosm from time immemorial for which they alone are held responsible and they alone enjoy pleasure or suffer pain according to their merits, and God being all-pervading is merely the indirect dispenser of these laws.

(6). And, lastly, that this false position of a deluded *Jiva* (individual soul) can only be terminated by its own endeavours to know the true state of things by suppressing or removing his own false illusion of individuality (which is called *Upādhi*) by means of exercising the five practical steps or processes of *abhyāsan*, *upādān*, *jyāsvādhyāsa*, and *yoga*, while he is yet a pure rational being.

(7). It will thus be known that the followers of the *Sanātan Dharma* do not and cannot at all regard the false material and spiritual universe to be God according to the import of the 1st meaning; and that the purport of the 2nd meaning being clearly materialistic is quite repugnant to the doctrines and the philosophy of *their Shāstras* and the *Vedas*. The term '*Pantheism*,' therefore, cannot anyhow be applied to their philosophy of pure wisdom and its use must in future be consequently abandoned by them.

SRI HARAGOVINDA SHARMA.

Hindus at the World's Fair.

I have read with interest the accounts, published in the American Journals and reproduced in the Indian newspapers, of the two Sannyasis who were present at the World's Fair at Chicago to attend the Parliament of Religions. The names of these two Sannyasis are Vivekanand Swami and Nara Sima, or more correctly, I suppose, Nara Singha. It is not explained in the accounts as to what sect of Hindu ascetics does this latter gentleman belong. But I have almost no curiosity to know anything more about him. The man who styles himself a Hindu Sannyasi, and yet when asked, whether he would not be afraid of wild beasts in the jungles to which he wished so much to repair and settle down replied that he would take his gun to defend himself against their attacks is not worth any body's regard or attention. This Nara Sima seems to be nothing more than an English-educated young Hindu, denationalized both in heart and mind, and who has gone to Chicago out of a sort of curiosity which is common in almost all Anglicized Hindus, the curiosity to see the grand West. This being the case, his yellow robe has invested him with an importance out in the Far West which he could never hope to secure for himself had he gone there as an independent Hindu gentleman clad in his national clothes however attractive. He, therefore, hardly deserves any more notice.

As we read in the accounts, the most striking figure among the assembly of Indian delegates to the Parliament of Religions was Vivekanand Swami. He has been called

the "Brahmin monk," whatever that may mean. His appearance, gestures, dress, and even distinctive features of outward behaviour and movements have been graphically described. In reply to questions of an interviewer he has said many things which form his opinions on various subjects.

One answer made by him to a question put by the interviewer I will single out, for it should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. I have no mind to criticize the opinions of Mr. Vivekanand Swami, for the simple reason that criticism is not in my line. Besides, I know Vivekanand Swami personally, and I have a very high regard for his personal character, his purity and talents. He is a worthy disciple of the great Ram Krishna Paramhansa in many ways. What I object to is his saying that he would not lose caste if he took food out of any body's hands be he Hindu or Mlechha. He means thereby that he being a Sannyasi, he is above all castes. This is a grievous error. Even as a Sannyasi he cannot take food out of anybody's hands who is not born within the four castes. If he had been a Brahmin, which he was not, and become a *dandi*—only Brahmins having the privilege of becoming *dandi*—he could not take food cooked by any other than a Brahmin until he had reached a very advanced stage of *Sannyas*. But even if we class Vivekanand among Sannyasis, he does not seem to have just yet reached that advanced stage of *Sannyas* in which he can be regarded as above all caste considerations. It is only at the *Paramhansa* stage of *Sannyas*,

which is the fourth stage, that a Sannyasi can be regarded as beyond all social restrictions. But even a Sannyasi is a rarer spirit in these days, and rare still is a *Paramhansa*. There may be seen hundreds of *Dandis* and thousands of yellow-robed *Sadhoos* walking about in Bharatvarsa at the present day, but there is no knowing if any of them has attained true Sannyas. And yet I do not say that true Sannyasis cannot be found anywhere in this *only* land of spirituality. Why, they can be found here and there, now and then, appearing like a sudden-flashing light and disappearing as suddenly. They can also be found even among *Grihastas*, seemingly devoted to enjoying domestic felicity and engaged in mundane affairs and yet they are entirely free from the least taint of the temporal. They are real Sannyasis under the disguise of domestic life. Few, very few, however, are *Paramhansas* whose visits to us are strictly few and far between. But rarely do they walk in Bengal or densely populated places. Their favorite haunts are the Himalayas, and other hills, the woods and the sacred eighty-four *cosses* of Sri Brindaban. In Bengal, the only *Paramhansa* we had was *Paramhansa* Ramkrishna. Ramkrishna was a *Paramhansa* of a novel style, but he was a genuine specimen of the order. I would rather say there are very few like him among those rare beings who can still be found in Varatvarsa. Vivekananda is not then a *Paramhansa*, and if I may be permitted to be more candid, he is not even a Sannyasi. I say this for two chief reasons among many. I will enumerate these two.

A Sannyasi is the product of the Arya Dharma, or, as is now popularly understood, the Hindu Religion. Now, a man who has entered even a little into the spirit of the Hindu religion will not think of going to a

mlechha land. The question now is—what is a mlechha land or, more properly, what is the meaning of the word mlechha? This word mlechha has of late been greatly misunderstood. The present day Hindu, especially of the English-educated class, understands it in such a general vague way that it is impossible for him to explain what it at all signifies. The Pundits will offer such a roundabout explanation of the term that it will only thicken the cloud which already surrounds the innocent questioner in regard to the import of the word. Not that they do not understand it at heart, but that they have no genius to make it clearly 'understandable' to the Anglized Hindu or a foreigner. To add to his difficulties, his ill-understood *stokas* muddle his power of expression. The European unknowingly takes offence at the term when it is applied to him thinking it is a piece of the worst abuse. But rightly understood the word is harmless enough for an 'enlightened' mlechha. I will not at all attempt to give its derivative or literal meaning but will only explain what the spirit of the word signifies. It signifies simply—a man or a woman who is always only mindful of the pleasures of the lower senses, a man or a woman whose chief thought is centered upon satisfying the stomach and the carnal and sensual appetites. This is a mlechha. Now, look at "civilized" Europe or America—what do you see? You see there nothing but a vast number of human beings all mad after the pleasures of the palate and sensuality. The chief thing which sways the mind of the entire West and Far West is how best to satisfy the palate and the other lower senses. Such a desire is only worthy of the beast and is the worst hinderance to spiritual cultivation. The Aryans in olden time used to send away such a man or a woman out of all Hindu

land lest one black sheep would infect the flock. A man whose predominant desire is eating, carnality, and making himself merry is bound to be unmindful of following the injunctions of the Shastras in practice in his every-day life, and an Aryan King would never allow such a man to live among his subjects lest his example would spoil others and the cause of Sanatan Dharma would suffer. These were the rules of the Satya, Treta, and the Dwapara Yugas. With the advent of Kali Yuga, or the materialistic age, the Yavans and Mlechhas have swelled in number and we find it mentioned in the *Mahabharat* that Lord Krishna himself had to fight with many Yavans and Mlechhas in this sacred land itself. The English and Europeans themselves deplore the gross materialistic character of their people and civilization and what I have tried to convey by the meaning of the word Mlechha is nothing but a man who is grossly materialistic. If we are to judge our own men, Hindus, of the present day by the old Aryan standard of judgment, a large portion of them are to be called Mlechhas, and this sad result is only attributable to the influence of the glorious British or Mlechha education, "civilization," and above all, Mlechha contact. This country is *still pure*, however, because the majority of the Hindu people are still Hindu in spirit and practice and because it is still instinct, every atom of its soil is still instinct, with the holy spirit of the ancient Rishis who have lived and blessed it for innumerable ages. The Hindus used formerly to go to Java and Sumatra, as has recently been shown by the promoters of the Hindu Sea-Voyage Question, but they crossed the *Kalapani* not to go to a Mlechha but to a Hindu land because Java and Sumatra were then populated chiefly by Hindus. The promoters of Hindu Sea Voyage only missed

this point. Sea Voyage for Hindus is not objectionable on the score of the voyage over the sea at all but on account of the destination of that voyage. The objection is mainly founded upon living upon Mlechha soil—a soil contaminated by the gross materialistic thoughts and habits of its people—breathing an atmosphere surcharged with the grossly materialistic thoughts which pervade the soil and eating the products of a grossly materialistic soil and cultivation. As an instance in point in regard to the last named reason, it can be pointed out that most of the pure Hindus, Pundits and widows still do not eat potato because its seed has been brought out from America. The Hindu fear is—and the fear is founded upon pure reason and science—that no sooner the Hindu sets his foot upon Mlechha land, than at the touch of the grossly materialistic soil and atmosphere all his spirituality must evaporate. He becomes, in fact, a Mlechha at once, and a few day's residence there and eating and mixing with its people will give the finishing touch to his Mlechhaship. He can therefore be never again taken into the bosom of Hinduism. He is lost to his people for ever!

This I speak of in the case of a Hindu, who goes to England sticking to his caste rules or religious injunctions and eats there his Hindu food cooking the same with his own hands. Fancy then what treatment the England-returned Barristers-at-law, Military Surgeons and M. B.'s. and others of the class can expect at the hands of his caste people—the Baboo *Sahibs* who, during their stay upon English soil, not only infringe all Hindu rules of living but live there like a *pucca* Mlechha, eating all English foods cooked by English hands and conducting themselves in right royal English style! These men make

the Hindu society gape in wonder when on their return here they demand to be taken back into its fold, and mighty is the indignation they give vent to when their demand is treated with contempt. This rigid attitude of Hindu Society towards such "black sheep" has still managed to keep alive the little fire of vitality of the Hindu religion. May this rigidity never relax, but recover its former strength day by day! No amount of *Prayaschitta* can purge away the sins of the England-returned piece of Hindu humanity—that centre of selfishness, self-conceit, and unspeakable swagger.

It is difficult to conjecture what can have attracted Mr Vivekanand Swami to the Mlechha soil of America. Had he been at heart a Hindu, he could never have entertained the idea. Had he been a real Sannyasi he would never have thought of anything else but Brahmin in the essence of which he should have remained immersed. The man who has realized the least idea of the sublime and the beautiful in Brahmin can never think of finding even the millionth part of its sublimity and beauty in any other thing of the earth or the heaven. The man who has attained even a little of genuine Aryan purity will shrink from the thought of Mlechha touch. I know of several Sadhoos who find it difficult to breathe the air of the White Town of Calcutta, and I once found one such who felt choked and was about swooning away while passing through one of the streets of the European quarters of this city. If even a higher standard of purity is claimed on behalf of Mr. Vivekanand—a state which is above or beyond the influence of bad or good magnetism, I say that state is the creation of a Mlechha-used brain. What then did induce Mr. Vivekanand to go to Mlechha land? But he seems to have in-

fringed Hindu rules not only by going to Mlechha land and mixing with its people but he has set at defiance all Hindu ideas by taking Mlechha food cooked by Mlechha hand as can be understood by the declaration of Mr. Nara Sima that meat did not suit him though he tried it on first arriving in America. This is one reason why I say Mr. Vivekanand Swami has no idea of Sannyas. A man who goes to Mlechha land and mixes with the Mlechhas and eats Mlechha food can never claim to be considered a Sannyasi.

Another reason which leads me to put him outside the pale of holy Sannyas is his evident pleasure in finding himself appointed a delegate to the Parliament of Religions at Chicago. The Hindu who is imbued with the spirit of the Arya Dharma which means the chief Religion of the World, will *never* feel inclined to even enquire into the tenets of any other religion in the world. Arya Dharma is nothing but the product of the most perfect science and anybody who understands the science of Arya Dharma, must know that any other religion is but a upa-dharma, or corruption of the Arya Dharma, or a religion founded upon defective science. A Parliament of Religions such as the one which assembled at Chicago will therefore be beneath his notice. Of course he will not despise any other religion, but should, on the other hand, feel and show his good will towards it. But he will never find it in his heart to have to do anything with any other religion, much less a Parliament of Religions. All other religions are ready to take any and everybody into their bosoms as a member after making him go through their respective initiatory ceremony. But nobody can become a Hindu by any means whatsoever. One can become a Christian, a Buddhist, a Jain, or a Mahomedan at his will. But one cannot become a

Hindu though he is ready to sacrifice his life to become one. A Hindu is ever born, never made. To become a Hindu one must cultivate the highest spirituality in his own religion so that through thousands of rebirths and incessant spiritual cultivation in every such birth he may chance to be born a Hindu thousands of years after. A Hindu who knows it would never care to go to Mlechha land even for the crown of the Czar of all the Russias. What did then induce Vivekanand Swami to go Mlechha land and join the Parliament of Religions? He can never possess the mind, the heart, or the intellect of the Hindu, much, oh how much less—of a Sannyasi. Nay, nay, it is blasphemy to call him a Sannyasi or even a Hindu. What is he then? Well, what-d'ye-call-it!

The fact is, these very clever men have not yet been able to shake off the denationalizing influence of their English education. They had drunk the poison of English philosophy to their fill and, in spite of the reaction which has set in within them—a reaction set in motion by a worthy Guru—they have not yet been able to disgorge the whole of that poison. But until the whole of this poison is disgorged, they have no chance whatever to enter into the spirit of the Arya Dharma. As they are now, they are anything—Buddha, Jain, Christian,—well, anything but a Hindu.

But had not Mr. Vivekanand

posed as a Hindu Sannyasi and had he not taken Hindu food at Chicago, he might have been able to do some good to our society—very little good perhaps. I say this out of my love for Mr. Vivekanand—yes, I love him. And if I have written so much prejudicial to his present professions at Chicago, I have done so because I love my Dharma more. But I love him because he is worthy of being loved by everybody. A fine tall and broad man of very handsome intellectual features, large lustrous eyes that beam upon you with a quiet love and kindness, his intelligence lighting up his countenance, he is a really a loveable man—Vivekanand! He is destined to play a very important part in modern history. His large and tender heart, his firmness, his self-sacrifice, his love for all men, and, above all, his purity and intelligence of a high order mark him out as one amongst thousands in whatever assembly he may be placed. If you try to look through his lustrous eyes as they beam upon you, you may find within him a volcano of strength of purpose which, once rightly directed, must work wonders in his native land, which needs the services of men like him at the present moment to help the religious revival which has already been brought about in it. And I, who to-day has sat in judgment over him, may some day think myself fortunate to exchange a word with him!

ZERO



Jara Bharat.—A Bhukta.

(Continued.)

WITH the exhaustion of his Karma, Bharat left his deer-body and was drawn in the womb of a good and learned Brahman's wife. The Brahman had two wives by the first of which he had nine sons and by the second a son and a daughter. This son was Bharat. In this birth like the previous one, Bharat's memory of the past remained intact and he kept himself fully alive about the matter of *attachment*. Well, the child behaved as a veritable lunatic, feigning dumbness, deafness and blindness though possessing all the organs in a whole and sound state. True, he was not the only son of the Brahman, but as he was the youngest of ten brothers and the child of old age, his parents were naturally very much attached to him. It was a matter of great sorrow to them to have a child of so much beauty and such striking appearance devoid of the powers of speech and reason. However when he was of proper age, his father vested him with the holy thread and pulled him day to day through the various acts of physical purity of a Brahman in the hope that continued practice would make it a habit with him. But all his labors were lost. He was frustrated in his attempts to teach him the letters. Four months did the good Brahman try to teach Bharat his *Gyatri* but failed to put a single image in his brain!

The good Brahman loved Bharat exceedingly the more perhaps for his helpless condition and tried his utmost to teach him the habits of a Brahman. But Bharat was impenetrable as a rock. Neither was the good Brahman permitted to

bestow his pains upon Bharat for as he was thus plunged in the affairs of the world, death suddenly confronted him one day and put an end to his exertions. Bharat's mother, the younger wife of the Brahman, burned herself with the corpse of her husband, leaving her daughter and Bharat in the hands of Bharat's step-mother.

Bharat's step-brothers as may easily be imagined did not care about the teaching of Bharat at all. Now as both his parents were dead and himself no better than an inanimate being like a clump of earth or a piece of wood. Bharat was treated as such by all under whose tender mercies he was placed. His brothers as well as other persons made him labor at their fields and engaged him in all sorts of mean and filthy works for his daily bread. And what they gave him to eat was generally the refuse, but Bharat took exception to nothing. Like beasts of the field, Bharat wandered uncovered and unprotected from the weather in summer, winter, tempest and rain alike. His frame was stout and robust and it soon became accustomed to all sorts of uses. He had a dirty rag in his loins and his holy thread was void of all physical purity. Sleeping on the bare ground and a regular want of cleanliness in any shape always covered his body with dirt and he resembled the rough and uncut jewel with his *Brukmatejah* hidden under a dirty surface. But what are all these to him who had crossed the boundary of the relative? Bharat had long before come to know what these in reality were, as well as the true reality which is ever unattainable.

He had tasted of the joys arising from the realization of self, and abandoned the foolish *Abhiman* (idea of self-hood) in embodied existence.

Thus after sometime it came to pass one day that the *Purusha-Pashu* (a man to be sacrificed as a beast) who was intended to be decapitated near the goddess Bhadrakali by a captain of robbers for the purpose of obtaining a son from the goddess, managed to cut his bonds and show a clean pair of heels to the robbers. The robbers after a while found out the deception and forthwith started on all sides in quest of their prey. The shades of evening fell but nowhere the *Pashu* was found: When it was completely dark they suddenly discovered Bharat upon a tree guarding a field from the ravages of wild beasts and considering him a good substitute of the *Pashu* they were seeking after, forcibly brought him down, tied him with ropes and led him to the temple of their Kali.

When the hour of midnight was come, the thieves bathed the body of Bharat, dressed him with new clothes and decorated him with garlands according to their practice. They fed him luxuriously and after due worship made him sit before the Bhadrakali. Then the high priest of the captain raised from the ground the flashing sword to pro-

pitiate the goddess with the blood of the *Nara Pashu*. As this was being done, an event happened, which turned the tide of fortune, turning at the same time all the observers of the ceremony to living mutes rooted to the ground, paralyzing as it were, their inmost vitality. Gradually and distinctly they saw the glazed and polished surface of the stony form of their Bhadrakali bursting and cracking all over and quicker than thought came out of the idol—which fell on the ground shattered into pieces—a living prototype of it, terrible to behold! Her brows and face assumed a fierceness and resoluteness that presaged the destruction of the whole world. The fire of anger reddened her eyes and from them were issuing forth flashes of lightning. A heart-rending laugh beating the thunder-clap all hollow in its loudness, pierced the ears of the bystanders and next moment the head of the high priest fell down upon the ground at a stroke of the very sword he was lifting up to strike Bharat. The rest of the thieves were destroyed in a second and the terrible goddess surrounded by her terrible attendants drank the hot blood of the robbers, gushing out of their headless trunks and danced and played with their heads.

(To be continued.)
